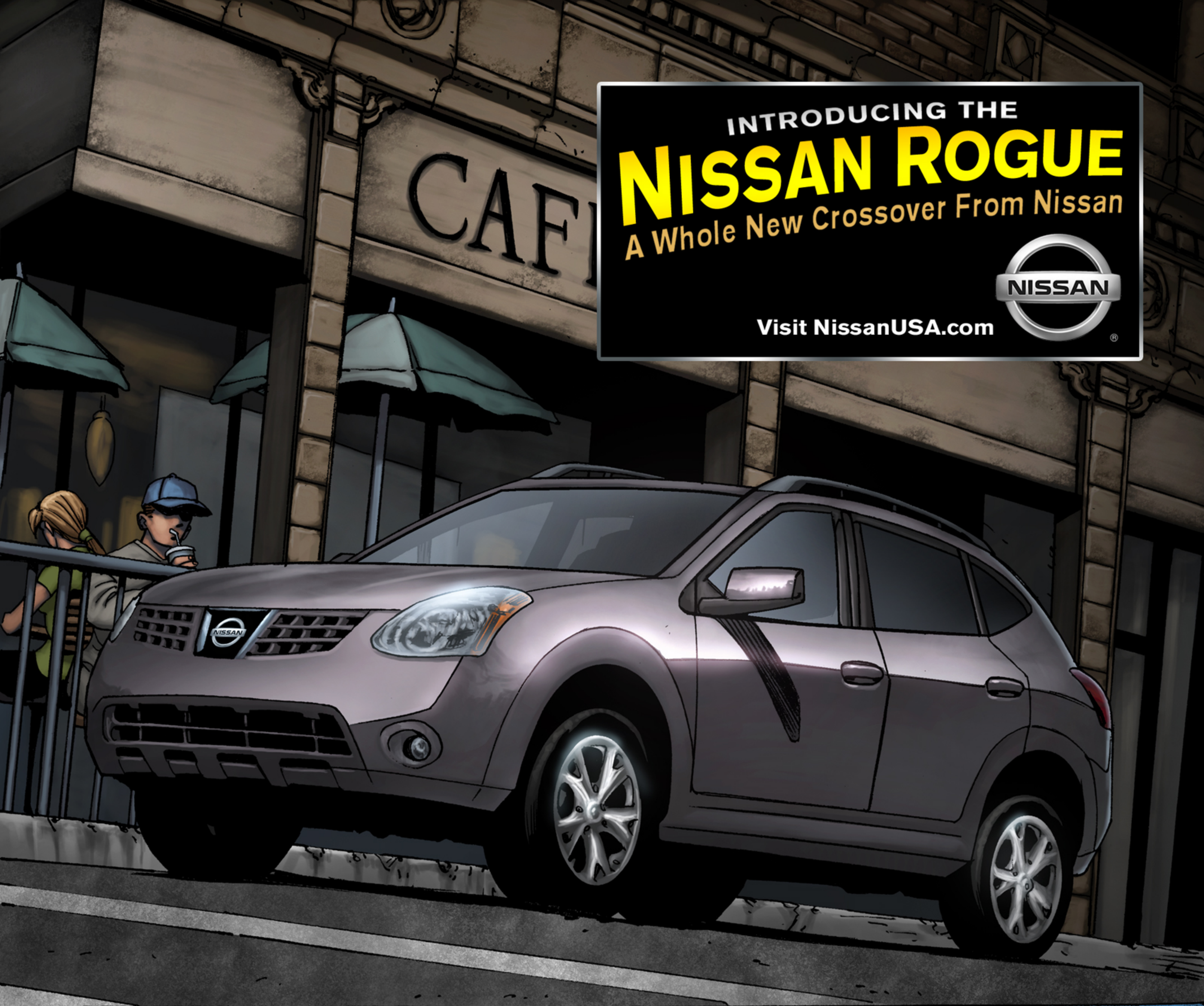


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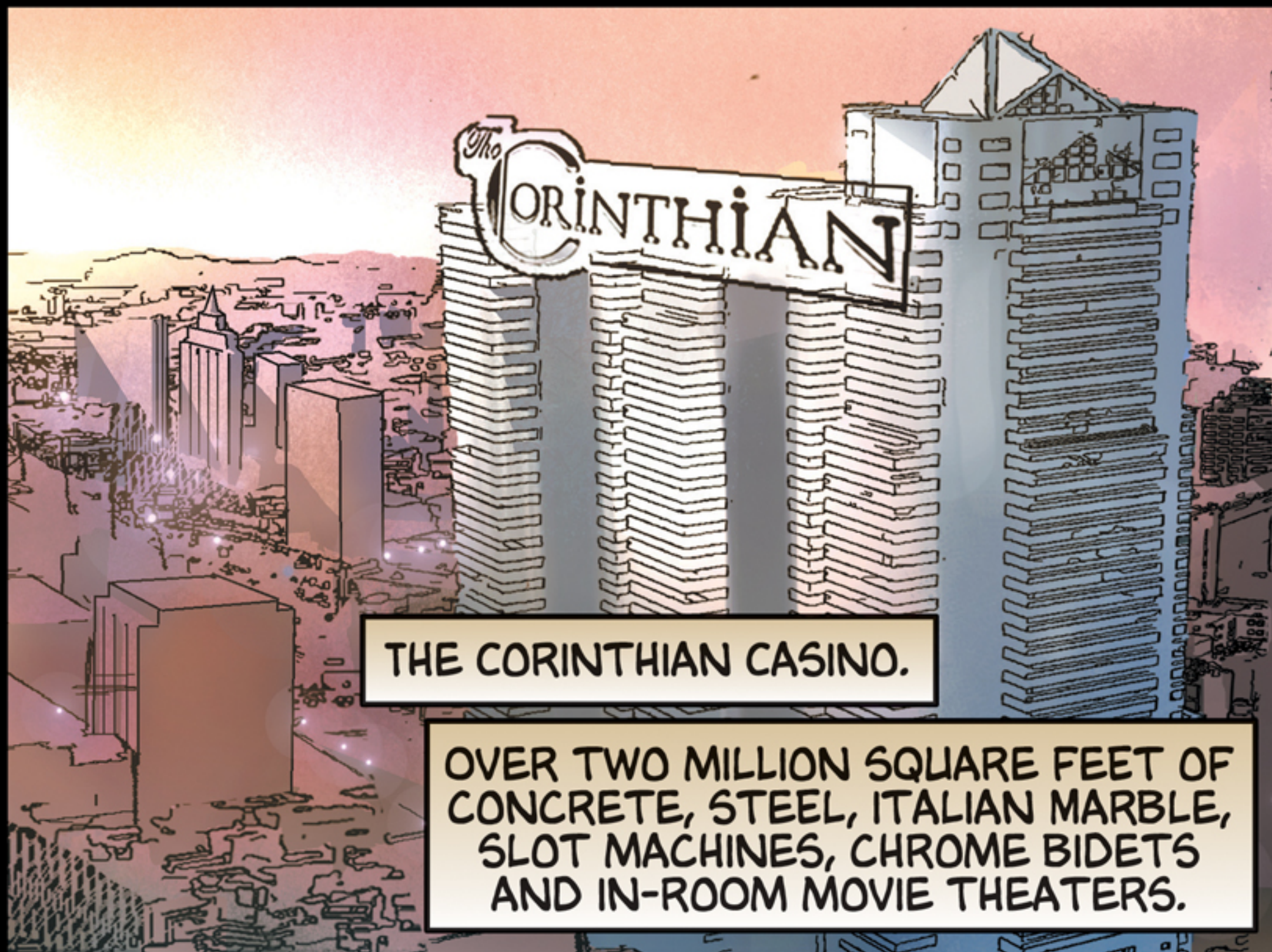
# HEROES

CHAPTER 77

## ON THE LAM

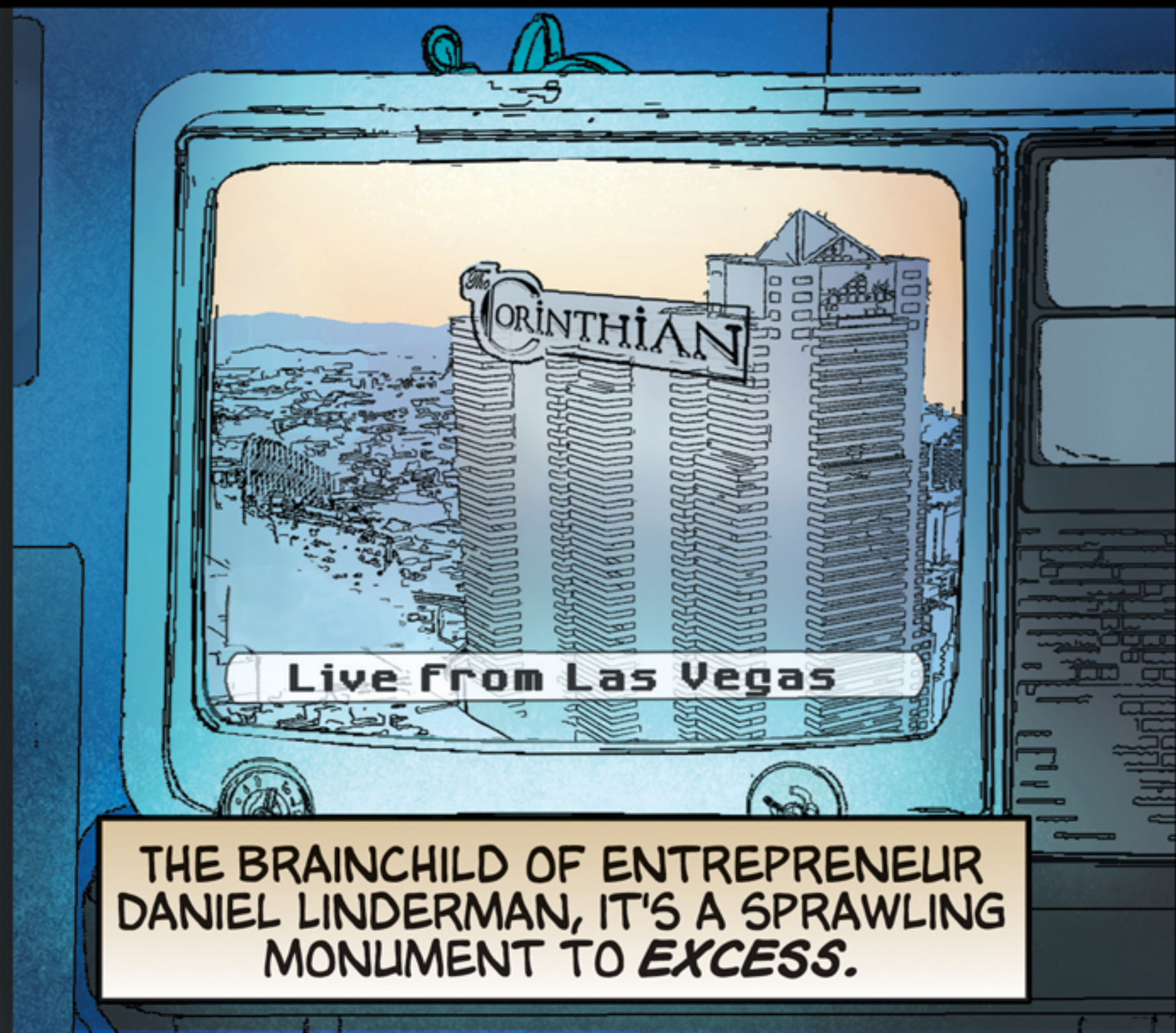
After the voting machines were hacked, Linderman's former software engineer, Brian, went into hiding for fear of Linderman's wrath. He decided to hide out in the open and work at a long forgotten hotel...until hearing the news of Linderman's death and the demolition of The Corinthian Hotel.



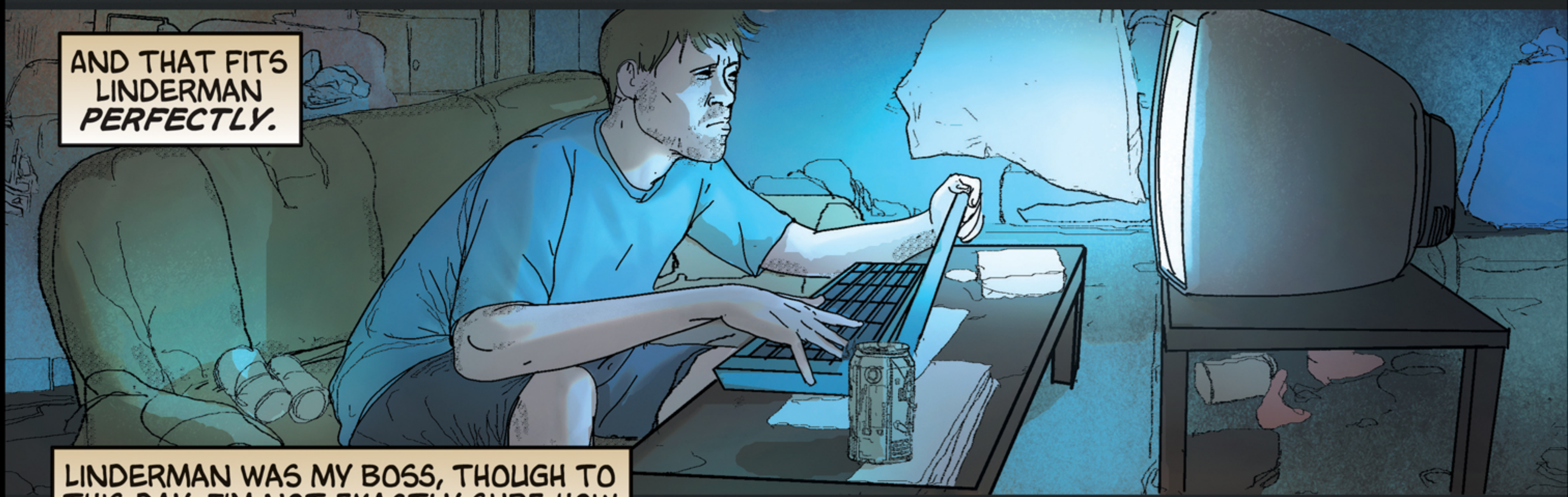


THE CORINTHIAN CASINO.

OVER TWO MILLION SQUARE FEET OF CONCRETE, STEEL, ITALIAN MARBLE, SLOT MACHINES, CHROME BIDETS AND IN-ROOM MOVIE THEATERS.

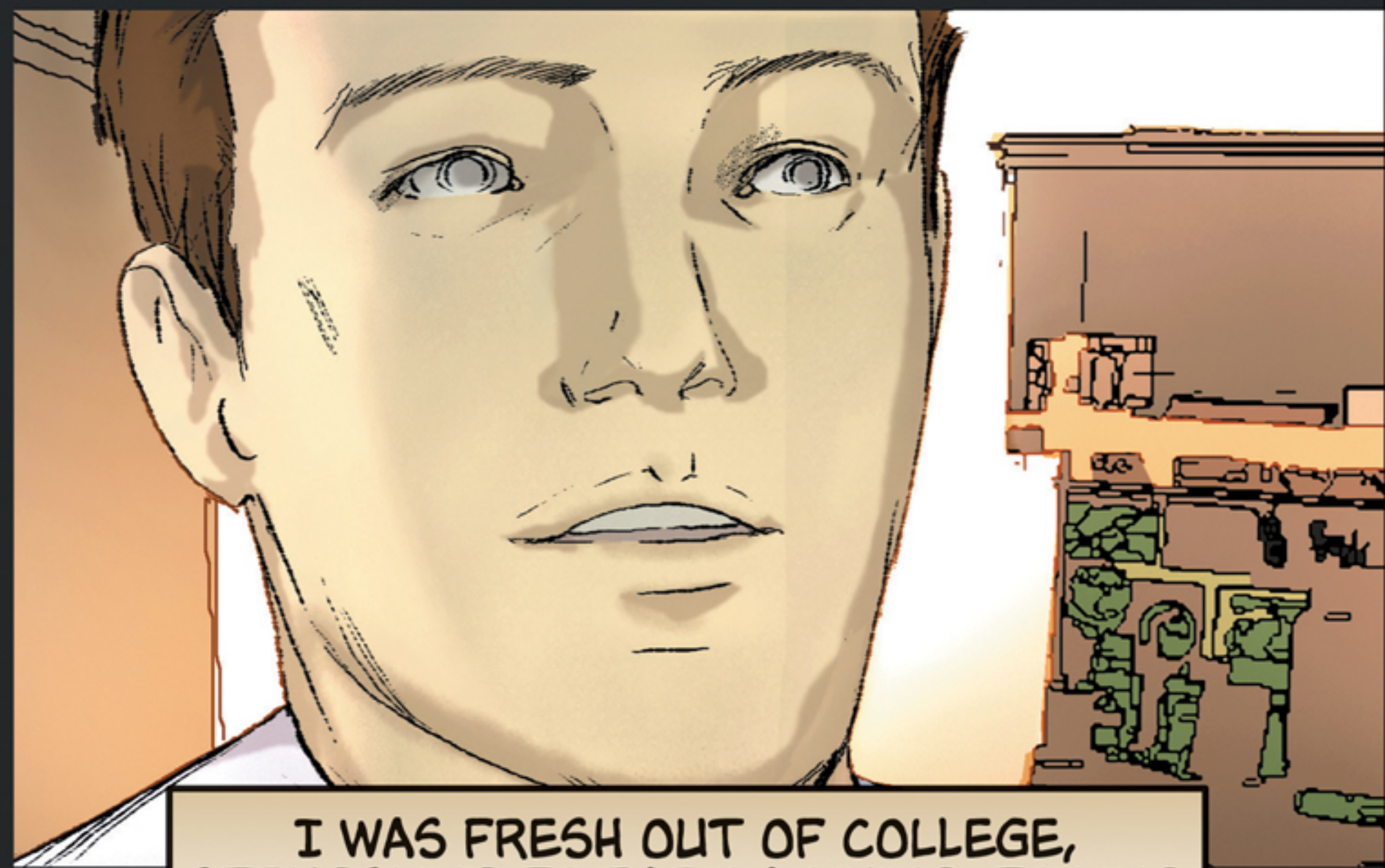


THE BRAINCHILD OF ENTREPRENEUR DANIEL LINDERMAN, IT'S A SPRAWLING MONUMENT TO *EXCESS*.



AND THAT FITS LINDERMAN *PERFECTLY*.

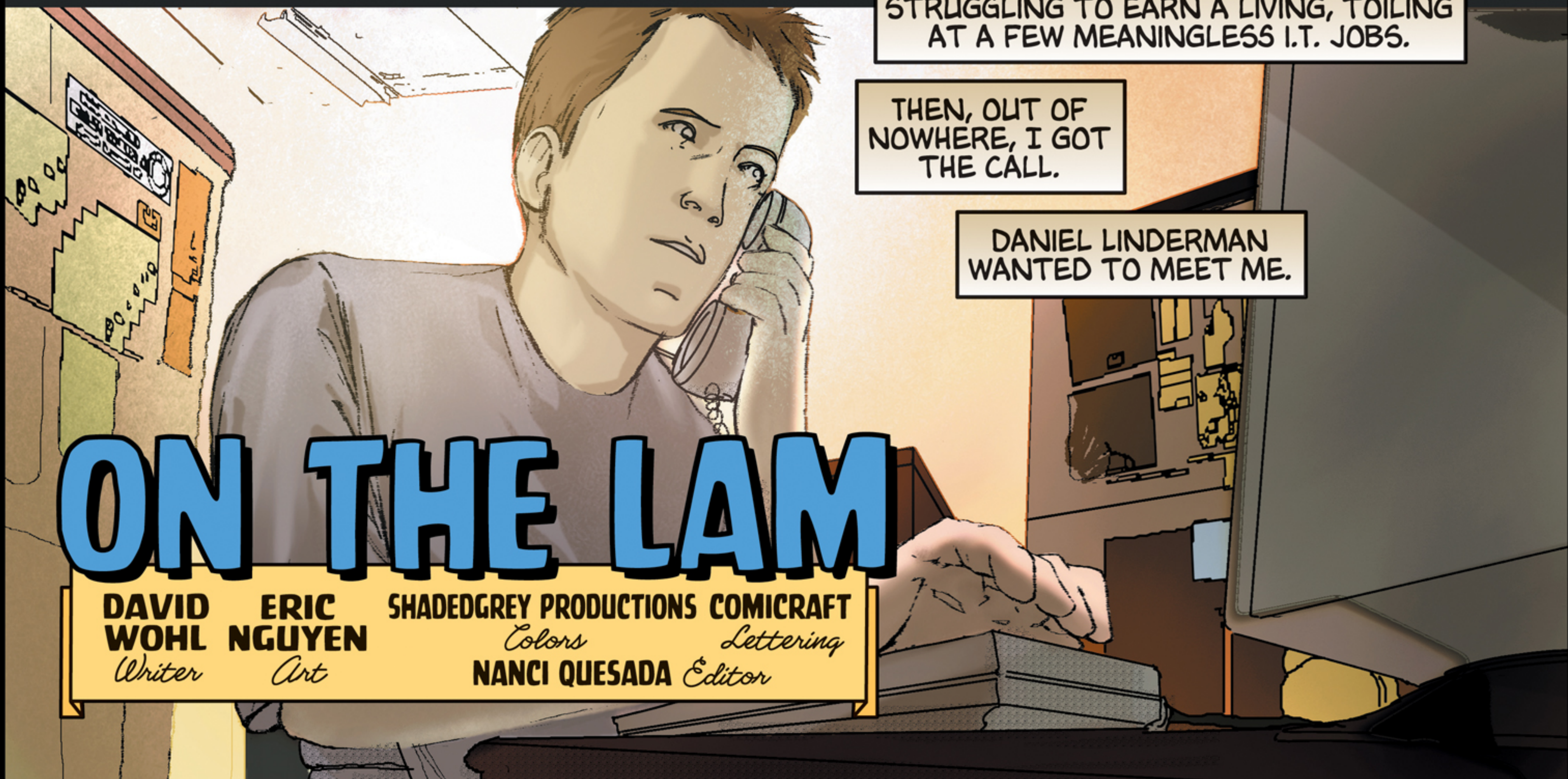
LINDERMAN WAS MY BOSS, THOUGH TO THIS DAY, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE HOW HE FOUND ME IN THE FIRST PLACE.



I WAS FRESH OUT OF COLLEGE, STRUGGLING TO EARN A LIVING, TOILING AT A FEW MEANINGLESS I.T. JOBS.

THEN, OUT OF NOWHERE, I GOT THE CALL.

DANIEL LINDERMAN WANTED TO MEET ME.



# ON THE LAM

DAVID WOHL  
Writer

ERIC NGUYEN  
Art

SHADEGREY PRODUCTIONS COMICRAFT  
Colors Lettering  
NANCI QUESADA Editor



IN THIS TOWN,  
LINDERMAN WAS  
LIKE ROYALTY.

HE WAS ONE OF THOSE GUYS  
WHO ALWAYS POPPED UP IN THE  
GOSSIP RAGS, CONNECTED TO  
THIS BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS OR  
THAT ORGANIZED CRIME  
FIGURE.

HE MADE ME AN OFFER  
I COULDN'T REFUSE...

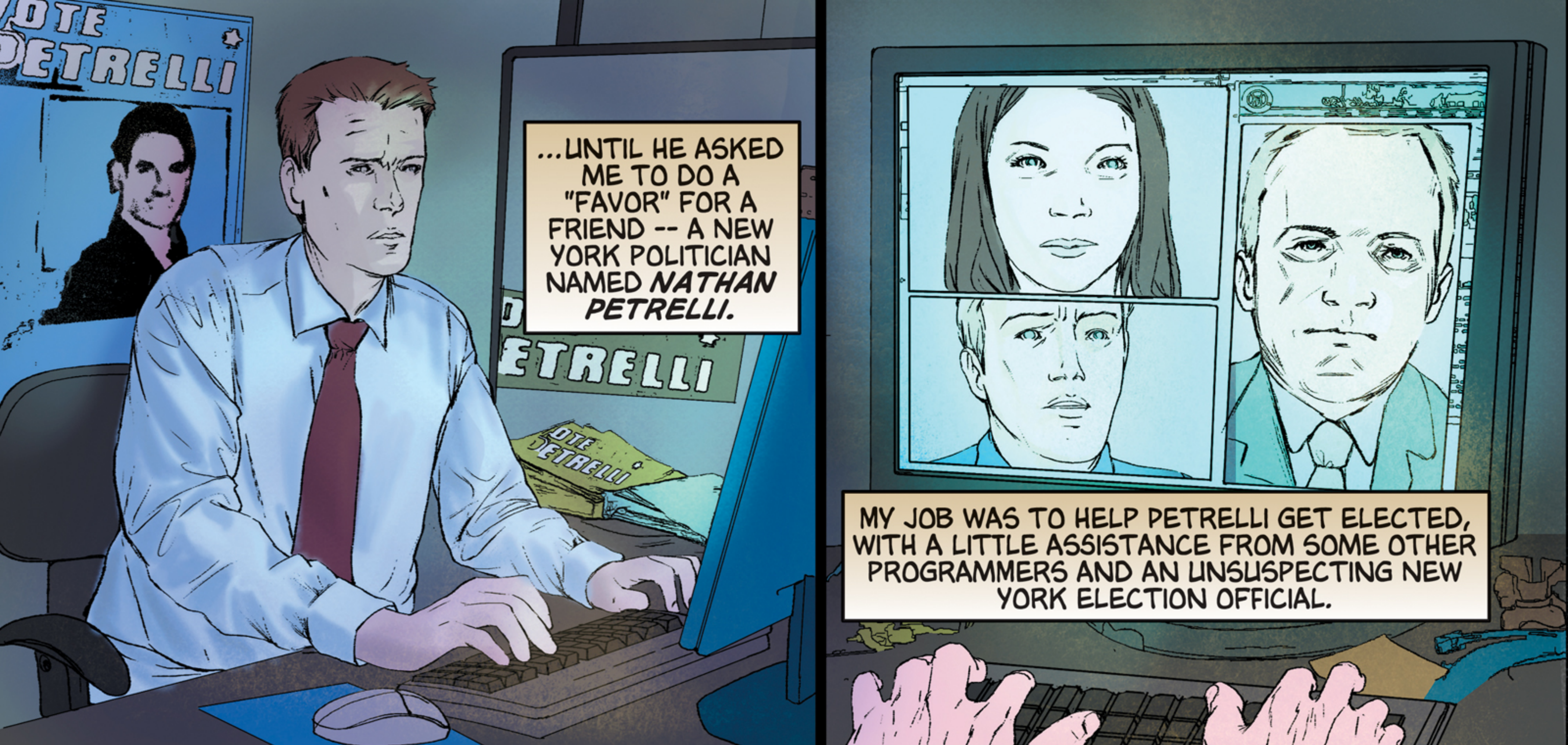
...AND I HAD **NO PROBLEM**  
GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

MY FIRST JOB WAS TO  
DESIGN THE CORINTHIAN'S  
WEBSITE...

...AFTER DOING A BIT OF  
**RESEARCH**, OF COURSE.

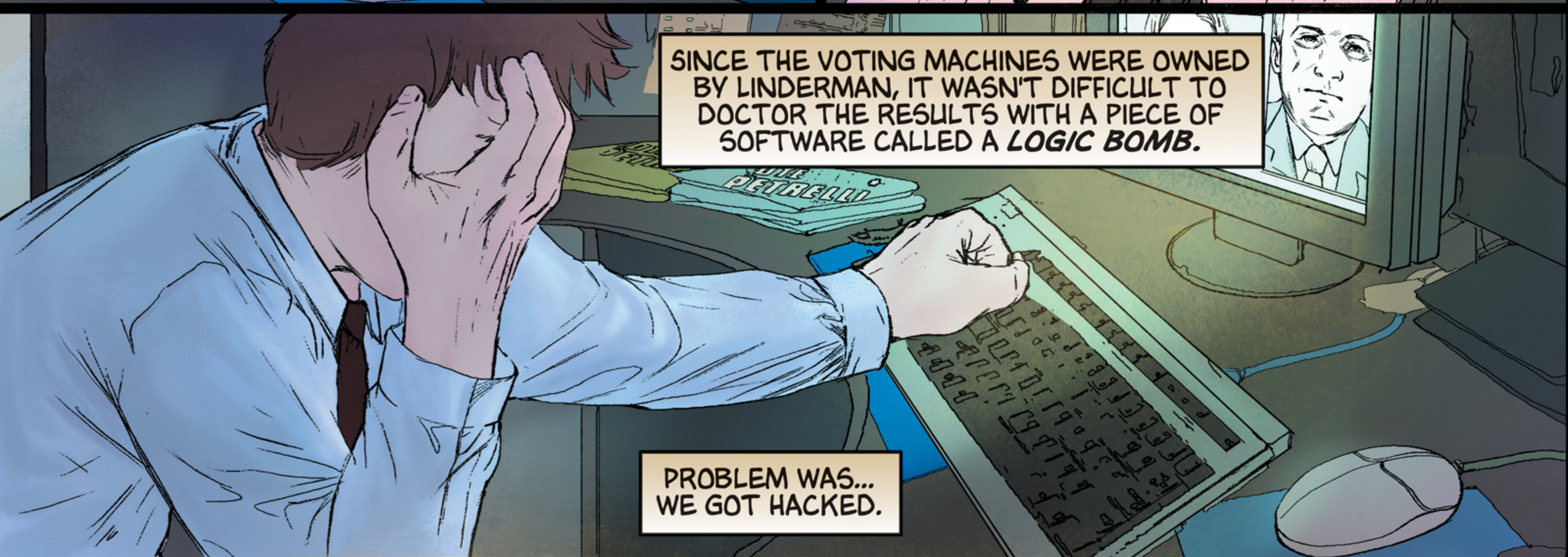
YEAH, LIFE WAS GOOD...





...UNTIL HE ASKED ME TO DO A "FAVOR" FOR A FRIEND -- A NEW YORK POLITICIAN NAMED **NATHAN PETRELLI**.

MY JOB WAS TO HELP PETRELLI GET ELECTED, WITH A LITTLE ASSISTANCE FROM SOME OTHER PROGRAMMERS AND AN UNSUSPECTING NEW YORK ELECTION OFFICIAL.

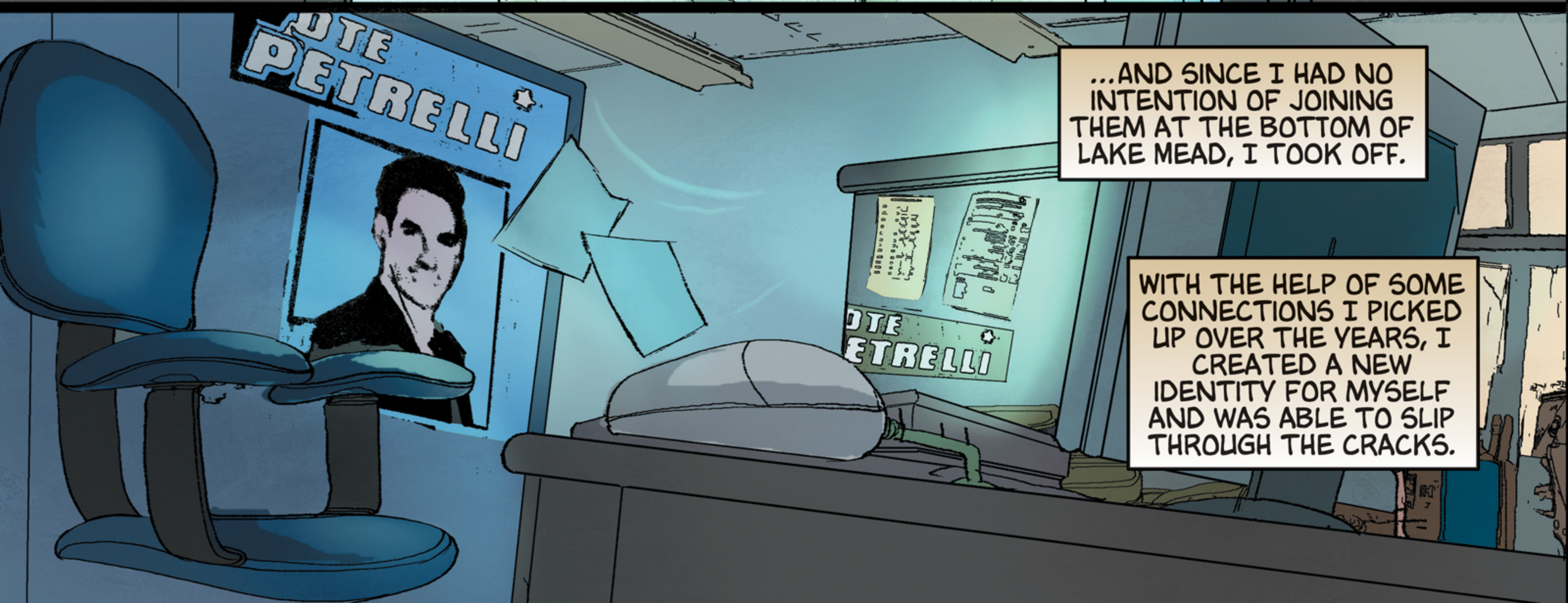


SINCE THE VOTING MACHINES WERE OWNED BY LINDERMAN, IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO DOCTOR THE RESULTS WITH A PIECE OF SOFTWARE CALLED A **LOGIC BOMB**.

PROBLEM WAS... WE GOT HACKED.

WITH THE ELECTION SUDDENLY IN SHAMBLES, LINDERMAN WAS LIVID.

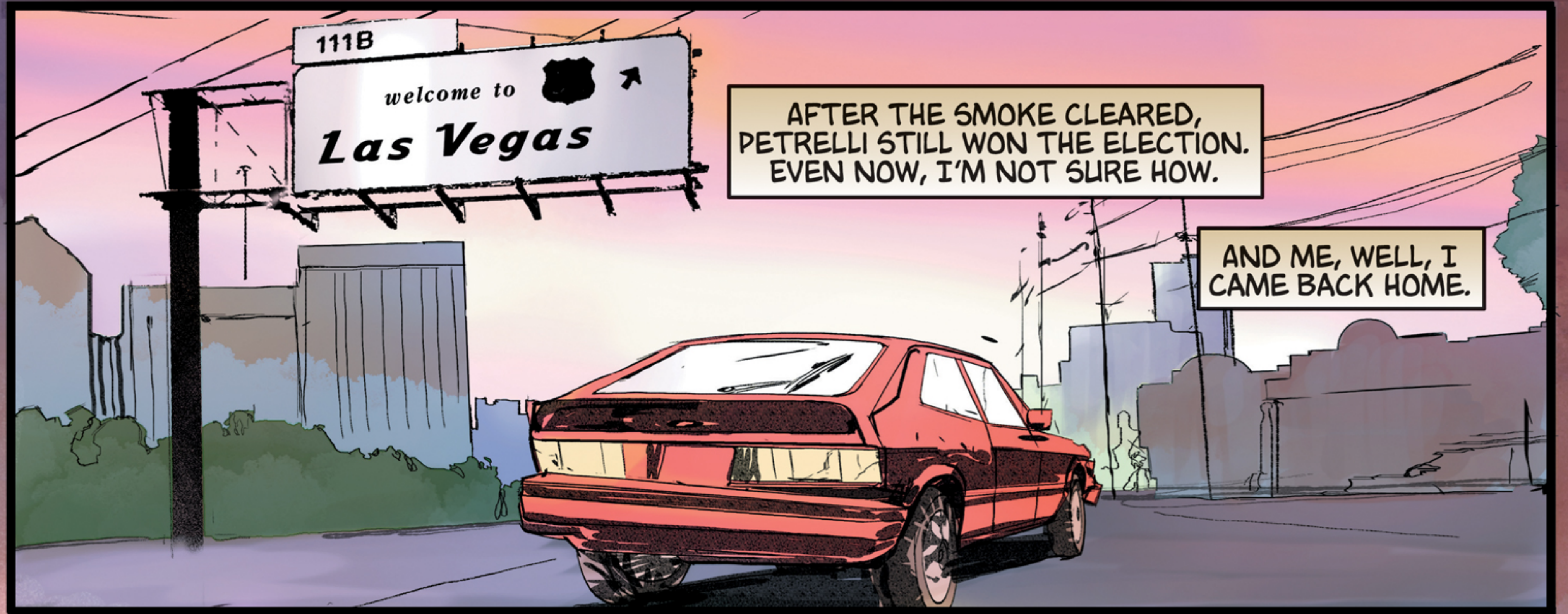
I'D HEARD STORIES ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO GUYS WHO ENDED UP ON HIS BAD SIDE...



...AND SINCE I HAD NO INTENTION OF JOINING THEM AT THE BOTTOM OF LAKE MEAD, I TOOK OFF.

WITH THE HELP OF SOME CONNECTIONS I PICKED UP OVER THE YEARS, I CREATED A NEW IDENTITY FOR MYSELF AND WAS ABLE TO SLIP THROUGH THE CRACKS.

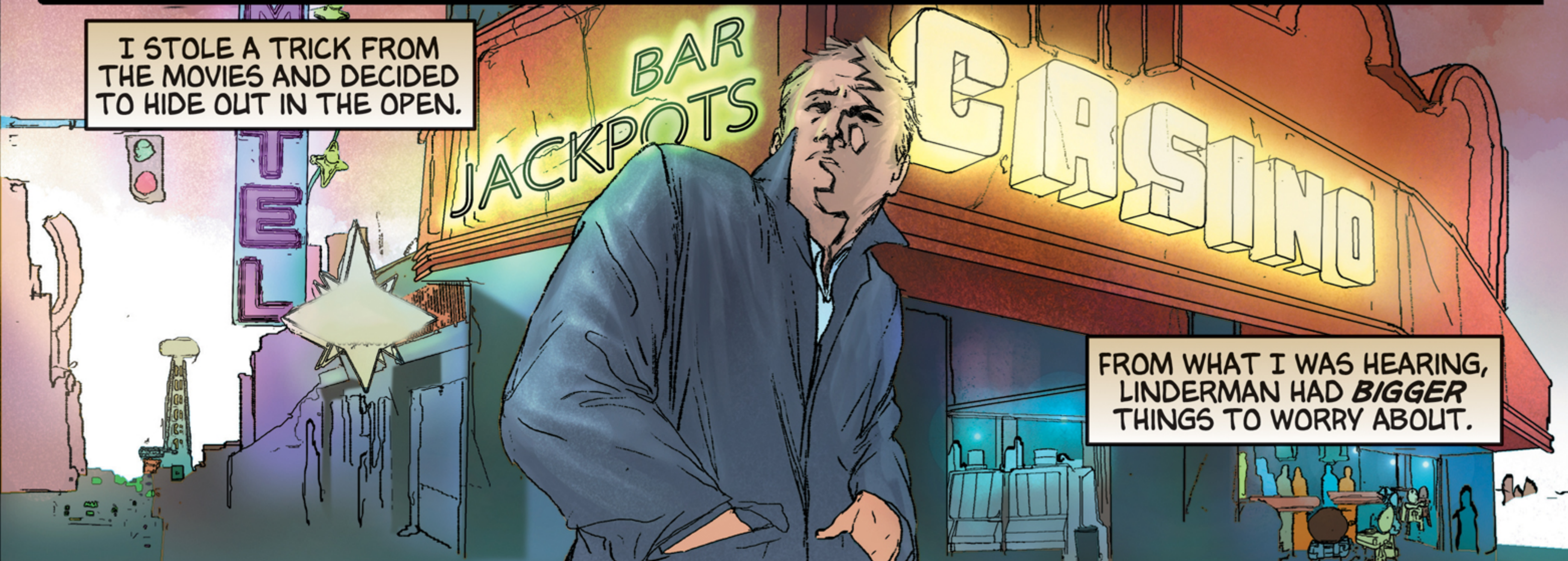




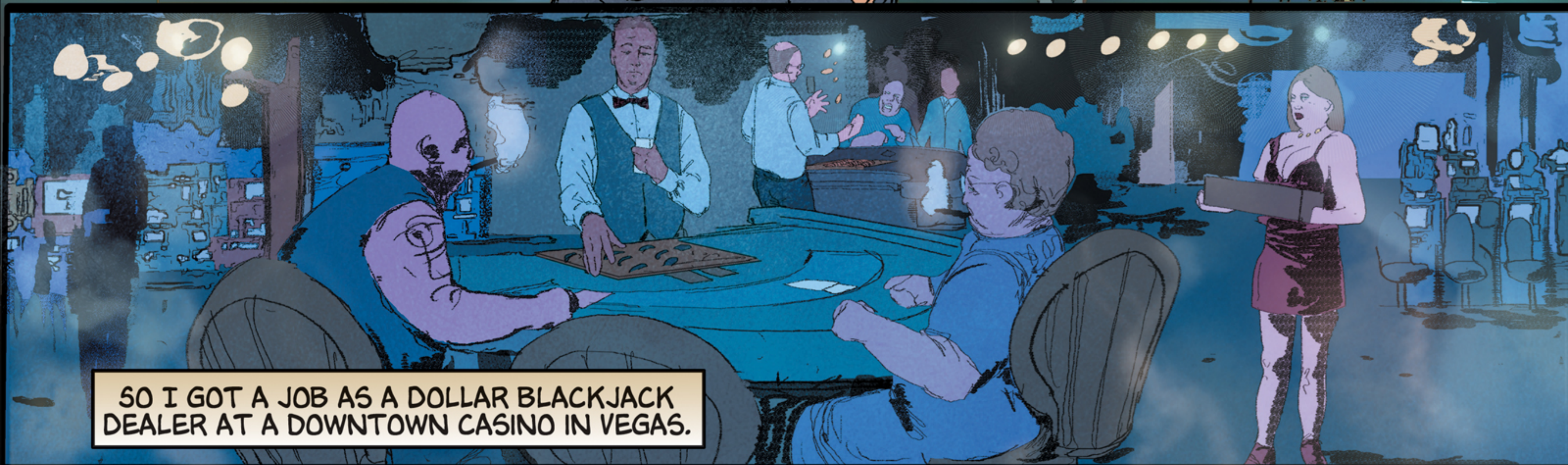
AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARED,  
PETRELLI STILL WON THE ELECTION.  
EVEN NOW, I'M NOT SURE HOW.

AND ME, WELL, I  
CAME BACK HOME.

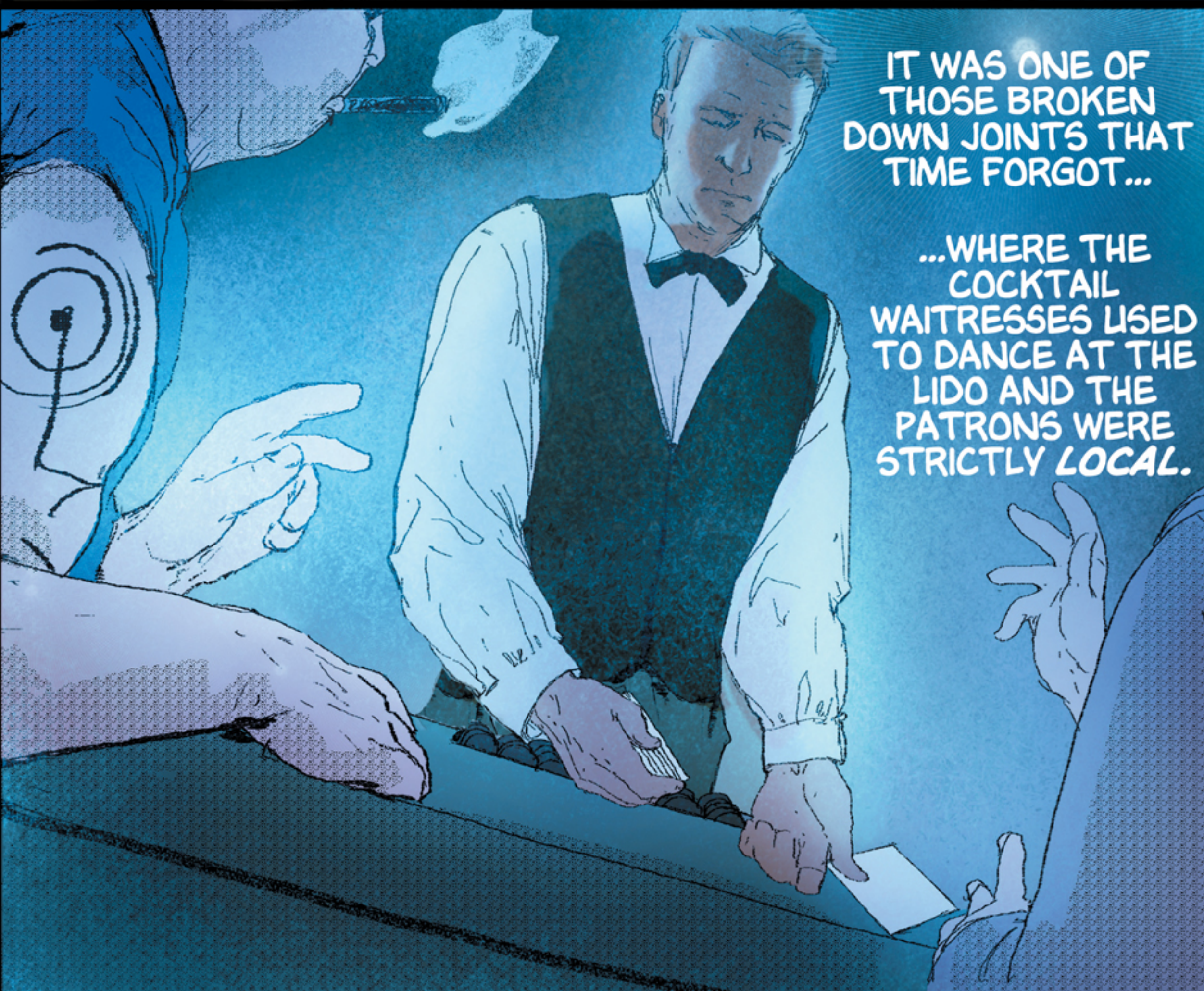
I STOLE A TRICK FROM  
THE MOVIES AND DECIDED  
TO HIDE OUT IN THE OPEN.



FROM WHAT I WAS HEARING,  
LINDERMAN HAD **BIGGER**  
THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.



SO I GOT A JOB AS A DOLLAR BLACKJACK  
DEALER AT A DOWNTOWN CASINO IN VEGAS.



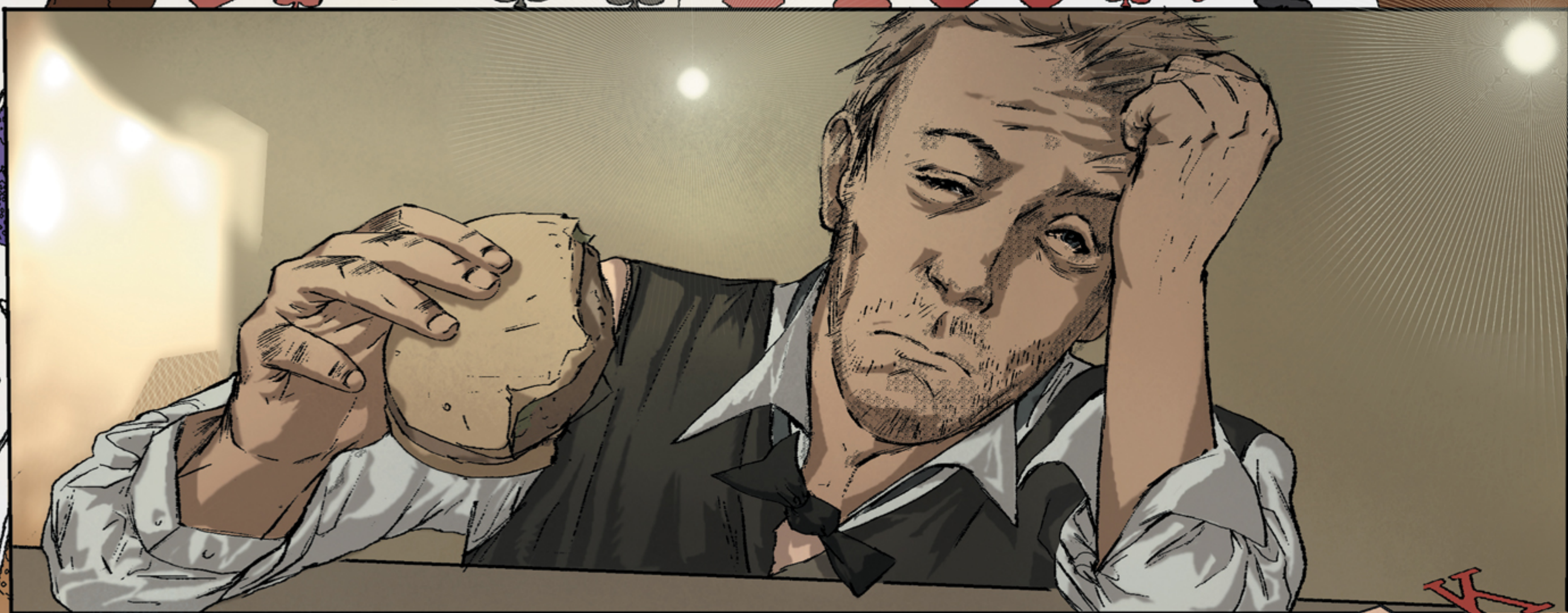
IT WAS ONE OF  
THOSE BROKEN  
DOWN JOINTS THAT  
TIME FORGOT...

...WHERE THE  
COCKTAIL  
WAITRESSES USED  
TO DANCE AT THE  
LIDO AND THE  
PATRONS WERE  
STRICTLY LOCAL.



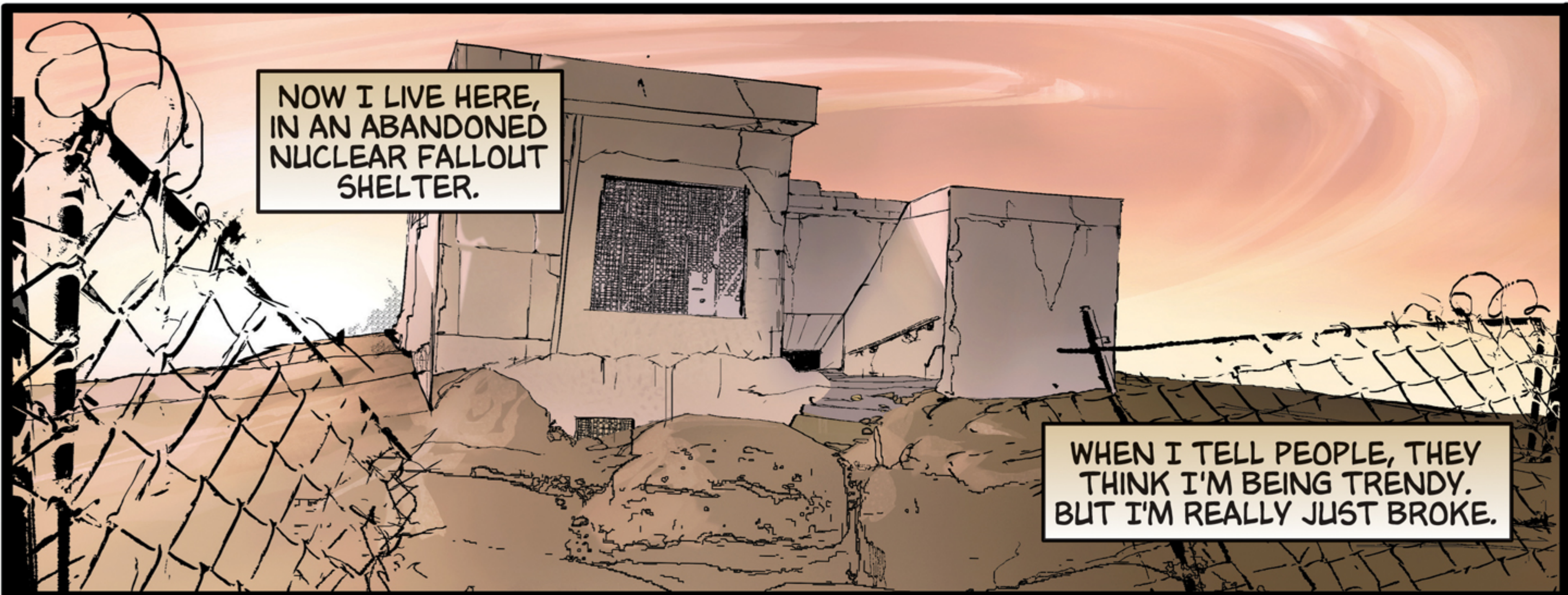
THE KIND OF  
PLACE WHERE  
NOBODY ASKED  
QUESTIONS...





...AND THE DAYS  
WERE ALL THE  
SAME.





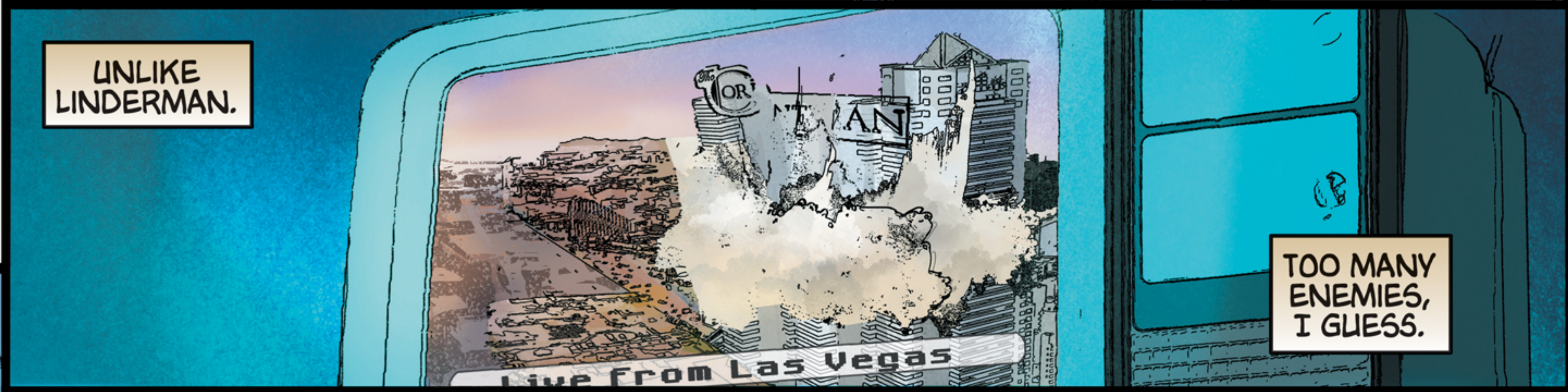
NOW I LIVE HERE,  
IN AN ABANDONED  
NUCLEAR FALLOUT  
SHELTER.

WHEN I TELL PEOPLE, THEY  
THINK I'M BEING TRENDY.  
BUT I'M REALLY JUST BROKE.



RUNNING FROM  
LINDERMAN COST  
ME EVERYTHING...

...BUT AT LEAST  
I'M STILL ALIVE.



UNLIKE  
LINDERMAN.

TOO MANY  
ENEMIES,  
I GUESS.

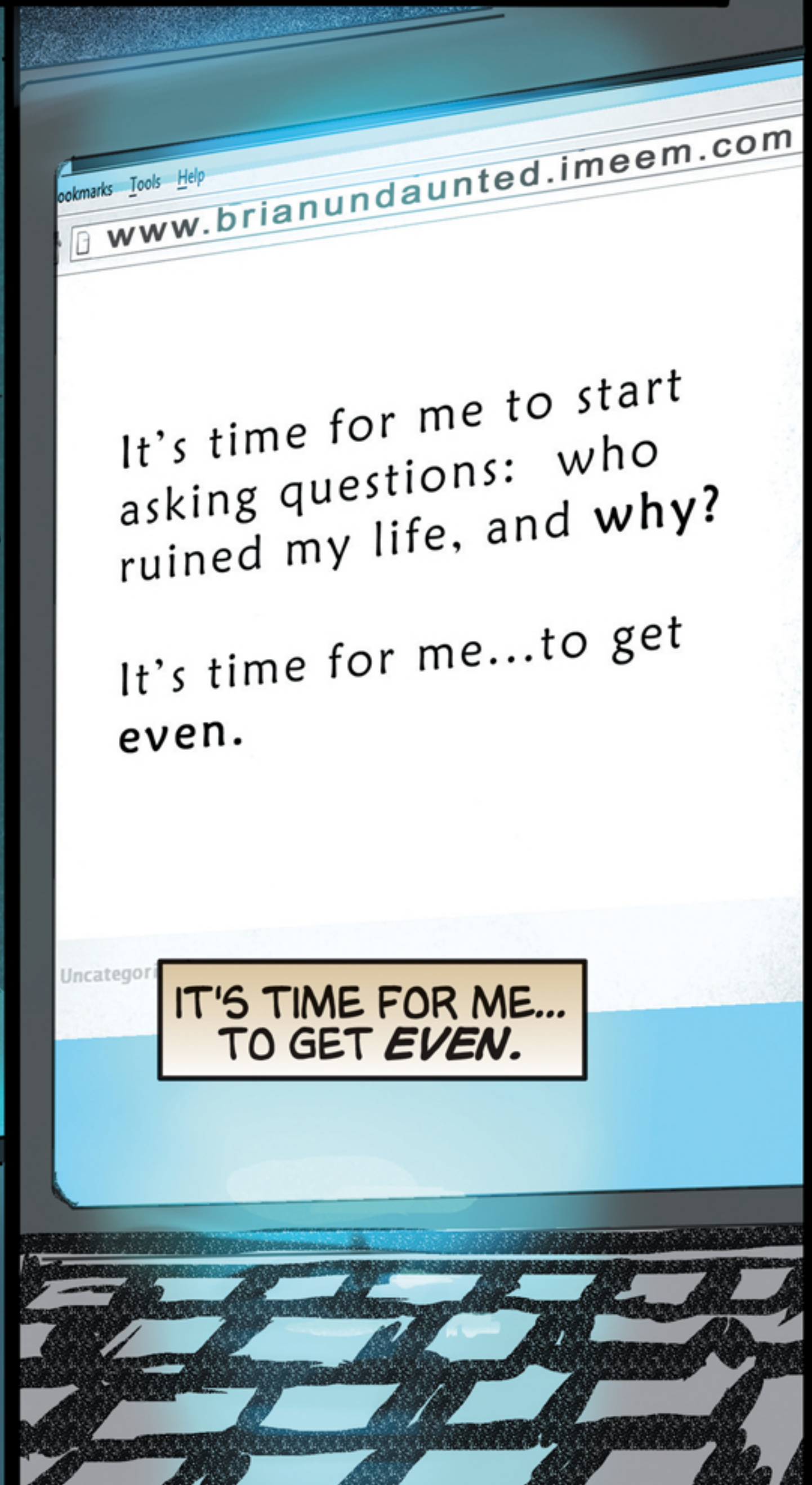


AND AS THE LAST VESTIGES  
OF HIS EMPIRE CRUMBLE TO  
THE GROUND, I REALIZE  
THAT IT'S TIME FOR ME TO  
COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

...I realize that it's time for  
me to come out of the  
shadows.



IT'S TIME FOR ME TO START  
ASKING QUESTIONS: WHO  
RUINED MY LIFE, AND *WHY?*



It's time for me to start  
asking questions: who  
ruined my life, and *why?*

It's time for me...to get  
even.

IT'S TIME FOR ME...  
TO GET *EVEN.*